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SONGS

SUGGESTED FOR

THE

National Victory Sing

Thanksgiving Day [Nov. 28] 1918 at 4 P. M.

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, Honorary Chairman

AUSPICES OF

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MRS. PHILIP NORTH MOORE, President

COMMUNITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT
MRS. DAVID ALLEN CAMPBELL, National Chairman



"Give Thanks in Songs
for Victory"

NATIONAL PROGRAM

Suggested for

“Victory Sings” Everywhere

On Thanksgiving Day at 4 p. m., Eastern time

1. NATIONAL ANTHEM

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

2. INVOCATION

3. WHY WE SING:

The purpose of the Victory Sing is to arouse our people to a realization of the power of music for uplifting and maintaining the spiritual strength of America—the greatest force for justice and right in the world. On this day of exultation, and of thanksgiving, there could not be a more appropriate nor more effective means of expressing our emotions than by singing together. An aroused national spirit must be born of an aroused national feeling. Music is the great agency that inspires and welds our emotions into a great national feeling for the Right! Let us make this Thanksgiving Sing the greatest chorus ever heard on earth!

MRS. DAVID ALLEN CAMPBELL

4. SONGS OF THANKSGIVING

COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

FELICE GIARDIN

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for patriot's dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

THE HOLY CITY

Last night I lay a sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heav'n in answer rang;
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heav'n in answer rang.

REFRAIN

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your King!

STEPHEN ADAMS

[By Permission of Boosey & Co.]

THE SONG OF LIBERTY

Let us have a nation singing to the boys across the sea,
Let us all fight freedom's battle with the song of liberty,
We want a singing army and a singing navy too.
Let them know that we sing with them for the old red, white and blue.

REFRAIN

Let songs of battle rise to join the battle cries,
Of our brave soldiers and sailors the boys who always win our flag
shall symbolize the liberty we prize,
So carry onward and onward and plant it in Berlin, and as they march
along you'll hear this rousing song,
With voices ringing and singing the song of liberty.

FRANKLIN CRISPIN

[By Permission of J. Morris]

WASSILI LEPS

5. SONGS OF HOME

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the S'wanee Ribber, far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber, dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home.

REFRAIN

All de world am sad and dreary, eb'rywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd, when I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd, many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, dere let me live and die.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a'growing weary only
List'ning for your song,
Old remembrances are flowing
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

REFRAIN

There's a long, long trail a winding into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing and a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down that long, long trail with you;
All night long I hear you calling, calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling, everywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet, when I think I see you smile.

STODDARD KING

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ZO ELLIOTT

WOMEN OF THE HOMELAND

(God Bless You, Every One)

SOLO AND CHORUS

REFRAIN

O, women of the Homeland,
Our boys have left behind,
So full of quiet courage,
So brave, yet so resigned.
You gave your dearest treasure,
Your sweetheart, brother, son,
You're doing all great hearts can do,
God bless you, ev'ry one!

Words and Music by BERNARD HAMBLIN

[By Permission of Leo Feist, Inc., N. Y.]

6. SONGS OF VICTORY

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

ARTHURS. SULLIVAN

TO VICTORY

Now we are going to take the flag
Across the rolling seas;
Our stars shall shine above the Rhine,
Our stripes rejoice the breeze.
Then we are going to show the Huns,
What lads the Yankees be;
We'll break their line,
And cross the Rhine,
To conquered Germany.

REFRAIN

Now, cheer, boys, and cheer again,
And all together now, once more;
Our flag is waving o'er us now,
Our eagles onward soar,
So, come, boys, and cheer again,
We'll see it through and win the fray;
Our flag shall flare o'er Berlin's glare,
Our stars shall lead the way.

ETHEL WATTS MUNFORD

HENRY HADLEY

(By Permission of Carl Fischer Co.)

FREEDOM FOR ALL, FOREVER

Oh! listen all who have freedom known,
Cling to the watchword true!
Oh! what could we say on a future day,
If our part we failed to do?
When the cannon's roar is heard no more,
And the strife and the danger passed,
In a world of Love and Liberty,
There shall be Peace at last!

REFRAIN

Let the call go forth through the whole wide world,
Freedom for all forever!
Over land and over sea,
Peace and lasting Liberty!
Pray, pray for the Allied lands!
Aid, aid with your heart and hands;
Fight, fight till your proud flag stands for
"Freedom for all forever."

Words and Music by LIEUT. B. C. HILLIAM

[By Permission of Witmark & Co.]

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS

[By Permission of G. Schirmer]

Words by JOHN HAY

SONGS SUGGESTED FOR SOLOS:

Land of Mine	MacDermid
Khaki Sammy	Carpenter
The Americans Come	Foster
America My Country	Grondahl
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand .	Bond
For the Freedom of All Nations . .	Freer
God's Liberty Flag	Marione
A Mother's Prayer	Ferrari
Homeland	Homer
Three Stars*	Campbell

"One star differeth from another star in glory"

A tribute to the mothers of the valiant sons to whom these stars belong and the glory of them.

Music and scenario written for this Victory Sing Thanksgiving Service, by Mrs. David Allen Campbell; words by Charles Knap.

*Proceeds of this song go to the American Friends of Music Fund.

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